

PAYNE (W.E.) & PRESTON (H.C.)

Address & Poem + + +



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## The Homœopathic Law,

DISCOVERED AND PROMULGATED BY DOCTOR SAMUEL HAHNEMANN:

Like the Tree which grows by the River of Life, "Its Leaves are  
for the Healing of the Nations."

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# ADDRESS AND POEM

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

Massachusetts Homoeopathic Medical Society,

IN THE

TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON,

ON THE OCCASION OF THE

CENTENNIAL BIRTH-DAY

OF

DOCTOR SAMUEL HAHNEMANN,

APRIL 10, 1855.

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ADDRESS by W. E. PAYNE, M. D.

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POEM by HENRY C. PRESTON, M. D.

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BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY OTIS CLAPP, 23 SCHOOL STREET.

1855.

BOSTON, April 26th, 1855.

DEAR SIR :

At a meeting of the MASS. HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICAL SOCIETY, held on the 24th inst., it was Voted, "That the thanks of the Society be presented to you for the able and interesting Address delivered at the Tremont Temple, the 10th inst., on the occasion of the celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the Birth-Day of Dr. Samuel Hahnemann;" and a copy of the same is respectfully requested for publication.

Respectfully Yours,

O. S. SANDERS, M. D.,  
C. F. GEIST, M. D.,  
J. C. NEILSON, M. D., } Committee.

To W. E. PAYNE, M. D., Bath, Me.

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BATH, Me., May 1st, 1855.

GENTLEMEN :

Your favor of the 26th ult., containing a copy of the resolution passed by the MASS. HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICAL SOCIETY, is before me. In compliance with the request of the Society, I place the MS. at their disposal, presuming they are desirous of subserving the interests of Homœopathia by the proposed publication.

I am, Gentlemen,

Very Respectfully Yours,

W. E. PAYNE.

To Drs. O. S. SANDERS, C. F. GEIST, J. C. NEILSON, Committee.



## A D D R E S S .

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A CENTURY has passed away since the birth of the great man, to whose genius the world is indebted for the reformation now going on in medical science; and whose centennial birth-day we have here met to commemorate. To the event which signalizes this occasion, every philanthropist might turn with high hopes for suffering humanity;—every sincere lover of the race will yet look back upon it, with as much gratitude as the storm-tossed mariner beholds the breaking up of the portentous clouds, and the calming of the furious waves, that threatened his shattered and frail bark with apparent, inevitable destruction.

It well becomes us who believe Hahnemann to have been the medium of a great gift to man,—it is befitting this time, and this occasion, to turn aside, for a season, from the cares and anxieties of the professional life, in which we are daily engaged, for the purpose of contemplating the magnitude of the truth thus revealed to the world,—and the character of him who was chosen for the trust;—the hope and confidence that cheered him on, in the severe trials through which he was compelled to pass, and the humility with which he, in his latter years, received the honors of a grateful and appreciating world, and which were opening upon him more fully when he closed his labors upon the earth.

The leading features of the life of Hahnemann are well known to all of us, who accept the great truth the discovery and application of which has rendered him so conspicuous in the world's history. Yet it may not prove unprofitable to pass in review the leading incidents of his life, that we,

perchance, may catch something of the spirit which animated his labors, and go forth to our duties, with the renewed purpose of imitating his unwearied toils, and his transcendent virtues.

In Meissen, a town on the River Elbe, in the north-eastern part of the Saxon Monarchy, one hundred years ago to-day, — the 10th of April, 1755, — Hahnemann was born. The father of this great man was a painter, employed in ornamenting the porcelain ware in the celebrated manufactory at Meissen, — a situation affording means, barely sufficient, to meet the daily necessities of a dependent family.

The son, at an early age, exhibited signs of a vigorous intellect, which the father sought, in various ways, to encourage. The following anecdote, for which we are indebted to our learned colleague, Dr. Hering, shows the interest the father took in the mental training of the son: After the son became famous, it was often related by an old man, a friend of Hahnemann's father, that on one occasion, when walking with him out of town, the father looking at his watch, said: "It is time for me to go home; my Samuel is now waiting for the THINKING LESSON I give him." This occurred when the son was but five years old. These THINKING LESSONS doubtless exercised a lasting influence on the destiny of our great discoverer, and thus on the physical and spiritual well-being of the world.

Though the father felt great solicitude in the mental elevation of his son, he often discouraged him from looking forward to the attainment of any higher pursuit than his own, in consequence of his pecuniary disability to aid him; yet permitted him to act as mature reflection dictated.

Hahnemann says of his father, of whom he speaks with great tenderness and respect, that he had the soundest original ideas of what is good and worthy of man. His leading principle was, that a man should act out that which is in him, without dissimulation or parade. His life never contradicted his exalted views of the Great Author of Cre-

ation,—of the dignity of the human race, and its heart-elevating destiny. These ideas, which Hahnemann says his father taught him, both by precept and example, he ever tried to keep uppermost in all his acts.

The foundation of Hahnemann's future acquirements, was laid at the public school in his native town. He tells us that he was the favorite pupil of his instructor, who loved him as his own child, and gave him every advantage in the prosecution of his studies.

So rapid was his advancement in the study of the languages, at the age of twelve years, he was often employed by his teacher to instruct other pupils of the school in the rudiments of the Greek language. At the age of fifteen years, he entered the High School, in which he continued, with a few interruptions, till the age of twenty. Owing to pecuniary inability, his father several times removed him from the school; but subsequently yielded to the solicitation of the teacher, who proffered gratuitous instruction, and the son continued his studies. Here a firm and broad foundation must have been laid, for his future acquirements, by his friend and teacher; for he became eminent, at an early age, not only as a classical, but, also, as a scientific scholar. His knowledge of the languages was extensive. Besides his mother tongue, he had a thorough knowledge of the Hebrew, Greek, Syriac, Latin, French, English, Italian, and Spanish languages. In all of these he wrote, and from some of them made extensive translations.

Having selected medicine for his profession, as offering the largest field for the exercise of his love of use, he connected himself with the far-famed medical University at Leipzig, in 1775, at the age of 20 years, whither he went with just fifteen dollars in his pocket, as the maximum of his financial resources. He tells us that this was the last money he ever received of his father.

Here, he devoted himself to the cultivation of medical science with unremitting diligence and zeal. While his



days were consecrated to the study of his profession, at the University, he was compelled, by his limited pecuniary resources, to trespass nightly on the "domain of tired nature." His dimly lighted chamber told the tale of nightly vigils, through which he worked on to secure but an insufficient subsistence.

His extensive knowledge of the languages, not only opened to him the medical lore of other countries, and other ages, but by translating some of the most valuable of this into his mother tongue, thus enriching the German medical literature of his day, and by teaching, he obtained the scanty pittance that enabled him to pursue, over the rough paths of penury, the cherished object of his life. Thus, for two years, he toiled on, cheered by the hope of one day taking a stand by the side of the professional men of his time, and of ministering to the wants of those bowed to the earth by the crushing weight of disease.

From Leipzig he went to Vienna, with the purpose of studying diseases, and their treatment, at the bed-side, in the Hospitals of that city. Here the same devotion, that marked his pupilage at Leipzig, continued. His genius and untiring industry so won the confidence and friendship of Prof. Quarin, physician in ordinary to the Hospital of the Merciful Brethren, that he took every pains to instruct young Hahnemann, both in Hospital and private practice — the latter a privilege accorded to no other student. Hahnemann gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness to Prof. Quarin for these privileges.

His straightened pecuniary circumstances, however, compelled him to forego his wish of remaining longer at Vienna; and through the friendship of Prof. Quarin he was invited by Baron von Brukenthal, Governor of Transylvania, to accompany him to Hermanstadt in the capacity of private physician and librarian. After eighteen months retention of this situation, and general practice, his improved circumstances enabled him to repair to Erlangen, where he pub-



licly defended a Dissertation, and took his degree of Doctor of Medicine, on the 10th day of August, 1779.

Honored by the friendship of some of the most celebrated Professors and Physicians of Vienna and Leipzig, he returned to Saxony, and entered on the practice of medicine in Hettstadt, in the district of Mansfield. After a residence of nine months he left this place, and went to Dessau.

Here, his leisure time was occupied with his favorite studies of Chemistry and Mineralogy. In 1781, he received the appointment of district physician at Gommern. From here he went to Dresden, and occupied the post of physician to the Hospital, for one year, in place of the celebrated Wagner, whose intimate friendship he enjoyed. He eventually settled in Leipzig, in 1789, with the view, as he tells us, of being nearer the seat of the sciences. In 1791, he was elected a member of the Economical Society of Leipzig, and in August of the same year, a member of the Academy of Sciences.

Though he acquired considerable celebrity in practice, and by his writings, and numerous translations, yet he was dissatisfied with himself, and with the state of the medical profession. Always remarkable for his reliance on the facts of observation, the doubtful, and oftentimes disastrous results, following the application of drugs according to the vaunted theories of the day, led him to regard these theories as fallacious guides. The further he pursued the practice, and the more extended became his observations of the practice of the leading men of the profession, the more he became satisfied of the unreliableness and impotence of the ordinary method of cure. Under the prevailing treatment, he saw contagious and epidemic diseases arise, and run their course, with results, as it appeared to him, less favorable than might have been, reasonably, looked for, if left entirely to the unaided efforts of Nature. The absence of a law to guide the physician, he clearly saw, and deeply deplored. An idea of something better, he tells us, ever

haunted him; and to bring this down into a tangible and subservient form, he felt himself incessantly impelled.

He reviewed the whole history of medicine, hoping to gather something from the general wreck of theories and systems, that would serve as a better guide in the choice of remedies. This he soon found to be a hopeless undertaking. He then examined the recorded experience of the past ages of the art, with the hope of collecting together a sufficient number of facts to enable him to educe therefrom general rules to direct him at the bed-side of the sick. In a few instances, he found the symptoms of the disease minutely described, and the remedy pointed out with tolerable accuracy; but these were so rare, compared with those where the prescription was made in accordance with the *name* of the disease, rather than the *symptoms*, and thus so little true knowledge could be gained, he abandoned the project as useless.

But one other point now presented, which offered any hope of success; and this was, instead of pursuing the ordinary method, of giving medicines compounded according to the books, to give but a single remedy at a time, and watch carefully the effect. It soon, however, became apparent, that under this mode of procedure, medicine never could be elevated to a science. No disease could be successfully treated, except that precise form for which a remedy had been found after long experimentation; and as diseases were ever changing their forms, and entirely new forms frequently appearing, it was evident that the practice of medicine would resolve itself into a never-ending experiment. Was it possible that He, who permitted, in His Infinite Wisdom, diseases to afflict his helpless children, had provided no sure way of relief,—had left them alone to the fallacious reasonings, and hazardous experimentations, of finite and erring capacities?

Thus reasoned Hahnemann; and after a practice of eight years, he turned away, in disappointment and sorrow, from

the labors on which he had entered with such exalted hopes of future usefulness; that he might no longer, as he wrote to Hufeland, incur the fearful risk of destroying the lives of his patients, or of fastening upon them medicinal diseases infinitely worse than those which the medicines were designed to cure.

He now gave his attention to the studies of Chemistry and Mineralogy; and continued to translate, from the Foreign Journals of the day, such papers as appeared to him valuable in a scientific point of view; while at the same time he prepared, for the German Scientific Journals, able original papers;—one, “A new mode of preparing Mercury,” which received his name,—another, “Researches on Poisoning by Arsenic,”—and another, denominated the “Hahnemannian Wine Test,” by which wines, adulterated with Iron and Lead, could be easily detected. These several papers were received with high commendation by the scientific men of Germany, and translated into several languages.

Hahnemann, now in the vigor of manhood, and rapidly rising in scientific and literary eminence, engaged in the translation, into German, of Cullen's *Materia Medica*; and was proceeding in the article on Cinchona, or Peruvian Bark. This drug was regarded by the profession, and justly, to a limited extent, as specific in Intermittent Fevers. The speculations of Cullen, however, with regard to its mode of operation, suggested to Hahnemann's mind the idea of testing its properties in his own person. With that determination of purpose which had always characterized his acts, he engaged in the work. He took the bark for several days. At length the sickening influence of the drug manifested itself in *chills*, followed by *fever*. The admitted febrifuge qualities of Cinchona on the one hand, and the *similar* disease that he was then suffering in his own person, from its employment, struck him as a singular coincidence. He placed the two facts side by side. That



the Bark cures *chills* and *fever*, is a fact too obvious to admit of doubt; and I am now suffering *chills* and *fever* from its use.

The first glimmering of the great truth, for which he had been so long in search, now flashed upon his mind; and, too, when he was least expecting it. Who knows, queried Hahnemann, but this fact may indicate the true law of healing? Who knows but a drug that has the power of producing a certain disease in the healthy body, will cure a *similar* disease, arising from a natural cause? Was this purile? Was it beneath the dignity of the rational mind? Did not Newton gain his first perception of the law of gravitation, by witnessing the fall of an apple? In both instances, the facts were but the finger-posts pointing along the high-road of truth.

The ardent aspirations for a better day in medicine, which had slumbered in disappointment, now returned in full force. He renewed his examinations of the annals of medicine, to see if he could find any thing, and how much, in the experience of the past, to support his conjecture. He here found, that the few medicines which were regarded as specifics, and cured promptly certain diseases, had been known, likewise, to produce diseases, in every way *similar*, in the healthy subject.

Sulphur, which was used as specific in the cure of itch, had been observed by physicians to produce *similar* eruptions on the skin by its internal use.

It was recorded of some drugs, that cured diarrhœas of long standing, that they produced *similar* diarrhœas in healthy persons.

Opium, which was known to produce a somnolent condition, had cured, in the hands of physicians, a *similar* somnolent state, in the most prompt manner.

It was recorded of Verátrum, that it cured cases of cholera morbus which had resisted all other means; and it was also recorded, by other physicians, that it produced a state *similar* to cholera in the healthy subject.

Heating applications, which of themselves produce inflammation resembling burns, had cured burns in the most speedy manner, as attested by several authorities.

While Millefoil, in the hands of several physicians, had cured hemorrhage from various organs, it had been observed, by others, to produce *similar* hemorrhage from the same parts of the body.

As Hahnemann proceeded in his researches, new light broke upon him at every step. He collected, and recorded, in his "Organon of the Specific Healing Art," between three and four hundred cases *similar* to the above, which he culled from the annals of ancient and modern medicine — giving his authorities in the most minute manner, by referring to the names of the observers, the titles of the books, editions, and pages where the observations might be found.

The physicians, in whose hands these cures were performed, knew not upon what principle they were effected, but recorded them as remarkable phenomena.

He found, also, in pursuing his investigations, that several of the older physicians had alluded to this mode of applying remedies, as the law by which medicines sometimes cure; and one physician (Basil Valentine) declared, as his positive belief, that it was the true law of healing. Several later writers had observed and recorded the operation of the law, but it made no permanent impression on the mind of the profession.

Such was the kind and amount of evidence, recorded by the labors of the past, that Hahnemann found ready at his hand, to aid him in confirming the truth of his discovery.

If no drug could cure, except that which had the power of producing, in the healthy body, symptoms *similar* to those of the disease, he, at once, saw that the first step to be taken was the proving of drugs upon himself. Nothing had been done in this direction, by the 2500 years' labor of the past, though the idea was suggested, and its importance urged, by Haller, Alexander, and others. The sum of all

that could be gathered of the operation of drugs in the healthy body, was the recorded observations which had been made in cases of accidental poisoning.

What a field of labor here opened to the philanthropic physician. Scarcely a foot-print was discernible. Self-sacrifice, bodily and mental sufferings, were the offerings to be laid upon the altar. There was no wavering here,—no disposition to put the evil day afar off,—no shrinking the responsibility,—no disposition, on the part of Hahnemann, to subject others to the pains and privations which he would not himself endure. Undaunted at the prospect before him, he entered upon the work. He commenced the proving of drugs on himself and family—gradually enlisting some of his intimate friends and associates; and together they pursued the work of testing the power of drugs—often suffering severely, and sometimes dangerously from their effects. Every symptom manifested, after taking the drug, was carefully noted—its locality—the order of its development—the time of day at which it occurred, was aggravated, or diminished, and the peculiar character that marked every symptom. These symptoms were all written out in a book for future reference. When a sufficient number of symptoms were thus collected, Hahnemann sought opportunity to make the application. He proceeded to note down every symptom of the disease, even the most minute—its peculiarity—the time of day or night in which it occurred, was aggravated, or diminished—its precise locality, and all its concomitants. The whole body was passed over in this critical way, and every unnatural mental manifestation was included in the record. After the symptoms of the disease were thus minutely and accurately recorded, he turned his attention to drug symptoms, as they had been noted by the provers; and when he had made out an exact correspondence—an exact likeness between the symptoms of the drug and the symptoms of the disease, he gave the drug, and the result was a rapid



and permanent cure. He followed this course of rigid experimentation, and from day to day obtained new and striking practical results in confirmation of the truth of his discovery.

Thus in 1790, by the true analytic, or inductive method of investigation, did Hahnemann discover the true law of healing. The operation of this law he expressed by the Latin formula — *similia similibus curantur*, or *like cures like*. And to the system, thus elaborated, he gave the name of HOMŒOPATHIA — a compound of two Greek words, *Omoios*, *like* or *similar*, and *Pathos*, *suffering* or *disease*.

Almost the first of Hahnemann's practice, after his discovery, was at the Insane Asylum, at Georgenthal, founded by Duke Ernst of Gotha. The recovery, in this asylum, and under his treatment, of Klockenbring, privy secretary of the chancery, a man of extensive scientific and literary attainments, who had been, for a long time, a raving maniac, and who had been unsuccessfully treated, for a period of six months, by the most celebrated physician of the age, gave to Hahnemann, and his treatment, great notoriety. In this Asylum originated with Hahnemann the present moral treatment of the insane, the superiority of which, over the old mode of chains and corporeal punishments, was so evident, that Pinel was induced to adopt it with the maniacs under his care, in the Hospitals of Paris. This, alone, is sufficient to immortalize his name. If Hahnemann had never done more than this, he accomplished a work worthy of the transmission of his name to posterity, in all coming time, linked with the greatest benefactors of the world. It is an occasion of the deepest gratitude of the world, that he demonstrated the fact, that love, exhibited in a kindly bearing towards this unfortunate class, is far more potent, in controlling the maniac passions, than galling chains, and all the kindred appliances of a barbarous age.

Having pursued a long course of rigid experimentation, Hahnemann commenced the publication of a series of papers, in the world-renowned Hufeland's Journal, setting forth the

law of cure — the way and means of testing its truth, and called upon his contemporaries to submit it to the test of experience, and give the results to the world. Hufeland, who has been denominated the Patriarch of German medical literature, as well as the most philosophical of medical men, said of the author of these papers, that he was one of the most distinguished of the German Physicians — a compliment justly merited, even at this early period of his career.

If this was the true law of healing, it at once became evident that the whole art of medicine must be studied anew. The splendid theories and systems, which rose in monumental grandeur to the skies, must fall. These children of the imagination, which now constituted a numerous household progeny, must be repudiated. The thought was too humiliating to self-love and self-glory.

Instead of a fair, honorable, and impartial trial of the new method, which Hahnemann had a right to expect, and which the importance of the subject demanded, the profession, with a few honorable exceptions, met his appeal with ridicule. Himself and his discovery were made the subjects of obloquy and vituperation, illiberal misrepresentation and severe and bitter censure. This, however, could not arrest the progress of investigation, which was prompted by the love of use, nor silence the tongue that was moved by truth alone. Those who had the independence to investigate the subject, among whom were several of the most distinguished physicians of Germany, became converts, and entered, heart and hand, into the work. These undertook with Hahnemann, and under his immediate supervision, the great and painful labor of proving drugs upon themselves, while at the same time they made a practical application of the law, with brilliant success.

The caution required in selecting and preparing medicines for homœopathic use, in order that they might be reliable, rendered it unsafe to trust this choice and prepara-

tion to the Apothecary, whose interest clashed so directly with the interests of Homœopathia. Hahnemann, therefore, deemed it necessary to keep this under his own control. This conflicted with an old law, which granted to the Apothecary the exclusive privilege of dispensing the medicines prescribed; while it denied, under a heavy penalty, this right to the physician. Hahnemann's opponents, seeing the highly successful results of his labors, which they were unable to arrest, either by sophistical arguments or calumnious aspersions, instigated the Apothecaries to require of government the enforcement of this law. Other governments, also, were appealed to for the enactment of such laws as these gentlemen saw would most effectually arrest the spread of Homœopathia, and, if possible, crush it in its infancy. Thus Hahnemann was persecuted, and driven from city to city; and, however degrading to the dignity of manhood, at one time this hostility and persecution was carried to such an extent, that he was unable to venture beyond his own threshold.

A less determined spirit than Hahnemann's would have shrunk from the prosecution of a work surrounded by such contingencies. But the tree was rooted in good soil, and the storms of persecution which swept over it, served only to strike its roots deeper into the earth.

At length, attracted by Hahnemann's fame as a physician, and as a man of acknowledged scientific attainments; and learning something of the philosophy of the new system, and the relentless persecution of his enemies, Ferdinand, Duke of Anhalt-Coethen, to his honor be it said, invited him to take up his residence in his dominions, and at the same time guarantied to him an entire immunity from the Apothecaries' law. Here Hahnemann resided; and, without heeding his assailants, pursued his investigations, and continued his practice. Disciples gathered around him; and year after year the new science extended its way—attracting thousands from far, for the purpose of obtaining relief from suffering through his instrumentality.



After a residence of fifteen years in the Duke's dominions, spent in unremitted toil in the practice of his profession, and oftentimes painful experimentation on himself for the purpose of perfecting the new science, in compliance with the predilections of his wife, who was a French lady of distinction, he left Coethen for Paris. Hope of reprieve from his immense practical labors, induced him the more readily to yield to the solicitation. But a man to whom suffering thousands were looking for relief, could not long remain unknown. He was speedily found out; and, in a brief period, his residence was again besieged by multitudes—many of whom came from remote parts of the civilized world. For the remaining eight years of his life he was overwhelmed with practice.

At PARIS, on the 2D DAY OF JULY, 1843, in the 88TH YEAR of his AGE, death closed the brilliant career of the immortal founder of HOMŒOPATHIA. His intellect remained unclouded to the last.

In a paroxysm of distressing respiration, as life was drawing near its close, his wife, in the bitterness of her anguish, exclaimed: "It seems that Providence should spare you this terrible anguish, after having suffered and done so much to relieve the sufferings of others." With an earnestness which can come only from deep convictions of the soul, and a firm enunciation, as if to reprove the rising and unsubmissive spirit, he replied: "Why should I be granted this special favor? Every one, in this world, should work according to the gifts and capabilities which he receives from Heaven. He may receive more or less preference before the judgment seat of man, but none before God. Providence is indebted to me for nothing; but I am indebted to him for much—*yea, for every thing.*" These words were but the expression of the faithful humility which had marked his whole life; and they were the last words spoken by the illustrious old man, ere the bright prospects of the eternal world opened upon his vision.

It has been said of Hahnemann, by his opposers, that his conclusions were hasty, immature, and founded on insufficient *data*. Nothing can be further from the truth. On the contrary, he seemed to be never in haste; but subjected every thing to the most rigid scrutiny, before reaching a final conclusion.

After his discovery of the law of cure, six years were passed in patient investigation before he made the fact known to the world. This he did in 1796. Then fourteen years elapsed, making twenty years from the time of his discovery, of diligent inquiry and careful investigation, before his "*Organon of the Specific Healing Art*" appeared, which was published in 1810. This work contains the principles of the new science, and is one of the most remarkable productions of the scientific mind. In the course of the next eleven years (1821), followed his *Materia Medica Pura*, in 6 volumes—containing the symptoms of drugs proved on healthy persons. And the next fifteen years (1836), brought out his great work on *Chronic Diseases*, in 5 volumes.

To the often repeated attacks upon *Homœopathia*, by his opposers, Hahnemann's constant reply was: "Gentlemen, don't attempt to refute Homœopathia by sophistical argumentation. Judge it by its results. Experience is the only true test. Take a case—one for which a remedy has been already discovered by a proving on healthy persons. Note down every symptom in the manner taught in the *Organon*, and with an exactness that shall satisfy the author of Homœopathia. Apply that drug which shall be perfectly homœopathic to all the symptoms—avoiding every thing which might disturb the action of the drug. If, under these circumstances, the drug does not afford speedy and efficient help, then publish the failure to the world—stating your proceedings in such a manner as shall make it impossible to gainsay their correctness, and the homœopathicity of the drug, and the author of Homœopathia will

stand confounded and convicted." The author of Homœopathia has never been confounded by such experimentation. All who have investigated the subject in this rigid manner, without a single exception, have become converts and zealous defenders of the system.

We have thus sketched, briefly, the principal incidents of Hahnemann's life. We have seen him rise from poverty to an honorable distinction in the world of letters. We have seen him enter the noblest of the professions, ripe in the learning of the schools, and animated with the most ardent hope of success; and have seen him turn from it in disappointment, when he became conscious of the uncertainty of the results; and of the probable fact that he was inflicting a positive injury upon his fellow-men. And when light was given him, we have seen him obeying the mandate, by returning with alacrity to what seemed to be the great object of his life, viz., the establishment of the great art of medicine upon an enduring basis — upon scientific principles. In effecting this, we have seen him pass, unscathed, the fiery ordeal of unrelenting hostility, and the sickening influence of poisonous drugs upon himself, and crown the legitimate end of his life, in the world, with triumphant success.

He seemed fitted for the high office to which he was destined, by superior intellectual endowments — by an innate love of his fellow-men — by a lively consciousness of his duties to the world, and his responsibilities to his God. Hahnemann's was eminently a religious character. He believed in *working out* the great problem of life; and well did he act up to his faith. In the arduous duties of his profession, he never neglected the destitute. He was as unremitting in his attentions to the poor and helpless, as to the rich and powerful. He regarded all as the children of one Divine Parent; and wealth and influence could not tempt him to forsake the beneficiary, until he had served him to the best of his ability.



Of the immensity of Hahnemann's labors, we may form a better idea by enumerating some of his works. His translations from other languages, into German, amount to 26 octavo volumes, viz., 16 from the English; 8 from the French; 1 from the Italian; and 1 from the Latin. His original works, written in Latin, number 10 octavo volumes; and his original works in German number 23 octavo, and 4 quarto volumes. Besides these, he was the author of 41 Essays, Treatises, Monographs, and Dissertations, all on subjects relating to medical science. Many of his works have run through seven or eight editions, and been translated into several languages. For instance, his *Organon*, in 1 vol., *Materia Medica*, in 6 vols., and *Chronic Diseases*, in 4 vols., have been translated into all the living languages of Europe. The above enumerated works are monuments of Hahnemann's industry and greatness, that will endure when granite and marble shall have crumbled into earth. In addition to this, we have 40 quarto vols., of 500 pages each — records of his cases of disease, and their treatment, all written out by his own hand. We may also add to this account, his medical correspondence, conducted by his own hand, the extent of which we may form some idea, from the fact that the names of his correspondents, and the dates of their letters, alone, form an enormous folio volume.

It is acknowledged by all who are conversant with the writings of Hahnemann, that, in originality and depth of thought, perspicuity, elegance of diction, and high-toned morality, they are unsurpassed by the productions of any country, or any age.

We shall now endeavor to show, that there was not only no law of cure, prior to the time of Hahnemann's discovery, but, also, that the law of cure could not have been previously developed, in consequence of the imperfect state of the subsidiary sciences. In the brief time allowed us, we cannot, of course, do much more than make a general state-

ment of the facts upon which this position is based ; but we hope to make the idea sufficiently comprehensible, that those who are disposed may extend and confirm it, by historical *data*, already abundantly accumulated and at hand.

That there was no law of cure, is made evident by the results of medical practice, the disastrous consequences of which were deeply deplored by the ablest members of the profession, as may be seen in their recorded confessions. The medical world was guided by ever-changing theories and speculations, the result of many of which, in practice, as we are told by medical historians, was disastrous in the extreme. This fact, that there was no law of cure, may be seen more clearly when we make a comparison of statistical results.

The progressive development of the world's history, in the Arts and Sciences, as well as in Philosophy and Religion, has moved on in Dispensations. The aim and end of one dispensation, seemed but the preparation for that which was to come after it, and ceased only when it had accomplished the object of its mission. The development of science, as with the individual man, has its distinct periods, — its infancy, — its youth, — its manhood, and its age ; and each period is pre-requisite to the development of every succeeding period. This is not only so with science in the complex, but the same law holds good with regard to every particular science. As the discovery and development of one science, prepares the way for the discovery and development of another science of a higher order, so the observation of facts, prepares the way for the discovery and development of each particular science. The history of the discovery of the sciences, shows to us, that the discovery of every science was foreshadowed by certain facts which first came into the field of observation ; and from these facts certain laws were educed.

Man is an epitome of the world. The investigations of

Chemistry show pretty clearly, that there is no element in the surrounding world, either in earth, water, or air, that is not represented in the human body; and out of these elements the human body is composed. The same is true with regard to the *laws* that govern the operations of the physical world. These are all, likewise, represented in man. As he is the summation of all the physical elements of the surrounding world, so, likewise, he is the summation of all the laws by which these elements are controlled. Thus the organic laws—the laws of motion—the laws of reproduction, and the laws of life, are all found in man. This being the fact, we need not go out of man for our illustrations.

Then with regard to the successive development of the sciences, we find that the science of Anatomy, which is the lowest of all the sciences pertaining to the human body, began first to receive attention, and thus prepared the way for the development of the science of Physiology,—the science of Physiology, which came next, prepared the way for Pathology, &c. Now Physiology never could have been developed without a previous knowledge of Anatomy; neither could Pathology have been developed without a previous knowledge of Anatomy and Physiology. The cultivation and development of one, prepared the way for the cultivation and development of the other. The establishment of each of these sciences, was preceded by a great number of facts, observed by physicians through a long series of ages. These ages may be called the period of incubation.

Now as all things exist for the sake of man, with a view to afford him the means and conditions of living in the best possible way for his ultimate happiness, it is easy to perceive that the law of cure, in its scientific relations and importance, is the highest of all natural truths, because the most useful. It involves the laws pertaining to the physical sciences. Hence all natural truths are subordinate and subsidiary to this. It is, indeed, that truth towards which all

others tend, and to which they have reference. And it was only by their discovery and successful cultivation, that the way was prepared for the discovery of the law of cure. This law, though first in importance, was the last in the order of development. As in the development and growth of the mind, lower orders of truths first come into activity, so in science, those of a lower and subordinate character first come into the field of mental vision of the great man, for the world is but a man in a more comprehensive sense.

For a long time prior to the discovery of the law of cure, the above-named sciences were cultivated with great ardor and success; and in the latter part of the last century, many of the earlier of them were brought to a state of great perfection. Histology, the science of tissues,—their form, color, constituents, origin and uses,—which has done so much to advance the sciences of Anatomy and Physiology, and which is destined to act an important part in the pathological knowledge necessary in the Homœopathic School, began with Bichât in the latter part of the last century. Thus, in pursuing a philosophical and historical investigation of the development of the sciences, we find that the subordinate and subsidiary sciences were in readiness, at the latter part of the last century, and not till then, to be crowned with the law of healing as the legitimate result.

By pursuing a course of investigation purely historical, we shall arrive at the same results.

In tracing the history of the healing art from its earliest age, we find it marked by four distinct epochs. *Æsculapius*, *Hippocrates*, *Galen*, and *Hahnemann* are their representatives—each standing at the head of a new era. The first, or *Æsculapian* epoch, was principally devoted to the observation of disease. Almost through this whole epoch, the treatment of diseases was exclusively in the hands of the priests, and consisted, mainly, in charms and incantations. The distinctive feature of the *Æsculapian* epoch, did not consist in limited observation and experience, but rather in



the unity of the healing art with the priestly office, and the almost universal mode of treating diseases by magical rites and enchantments. In this epoch, anatomical investigations commenced by dissections of the inferior animals.

The next, in order, was the Hippocratic epoch. Hippocrates divorced medicine from the priestly office, and gave to it more of a scientific form. This reign was devoted to speculations on the nature and functions of the human body — the nature of diseases, and especially to critical and minute observations of the effects of medicines. Much of the palliative influence of drugs was learned. Anatomy, Surgery, Physiology and Pathology were cultivated with considerable success. This increase of scientific knowledge, however, did not constitute the distinctive feature of the Hippocratic epoch. The distinction consisted in taking out of the hands of the priests the treatment of diseases; and, instead of relying for a cure upon mystic ceremonies, submitting them to the influence of drugs. This epoch closed with the closing of the Jewish Dispensation.

Coeval with the establishment of Christianity, came a new epoch in medicine. Galen was its representative. Here was presented the first formula in therapeutics. And this constituted the characteristic feature of this epoch, in contradistinction from the preceding. Out of the observations of the preceding epochs, Galen established the axiom, "*contrary cures contrary.*" This theory ruled the medical world for more than 1700 years. It is founded upon the observed facts that *cathartics* palliate *constipation*, — *astringent medicines* palliate *diarrhœas*, — *opium* palliates *pain* and *inordinate wakefulness*, &c. This is what is now known as the Allopathic method of treating diseases, which is only a prolongation of the Galenian epoch. It is true, theories and speculations have marked the whole course of this long and despotic reign. These theories and speculations were called forth by the manifest inadequacy of this system of palliation to meet the wants of the

world; but as they were hypothetical, and brought forth no better results, the physician always fell back upon the Galenian Theory of palliation. In spite of this palliative treatment, chronic diseases increased in numbers and intensity, and plagues and pestilences swept over the world unrestrained. It was this inadequacy of the theory of *contraries*, on the one hand, and a sufficiently developed condition of the subordinate and subsidiary sciences on the other, that gave rise to the new, or Hahnemannian epoch or dispensation.

We do not mean to say, that no diseases were cured, in the long period of time during which the world was destitute of a law of cure. Divine Providence, true to His purpose of giving to His suffering children the true laws of life and health, as soon as they could be brought, voluntarily, into a state to receive and rightly appreciate them, was constantly indicating the true law by remarkable cures, which physicians were unable to explain by any of the theories of the Schools. The Theory of "*Contraries*" was the finger-post which guided their course; yet the most remarkable cures occurred in the opposite manner. Diarrhœas, which had long resisted *astringent* treatment, were casually cured, in the most prompt and permanent manner, by *cathartics*. Burns were cured by heating applications: frost-bites by cold water or snow, &c. Such facts as these were occurring all the way along, from the days of Hippocrates to the days of Hahnemann. These are the facts which precede the discovery of great laws, and out of which they are evolved. In this case, they were the heralds of the great law of cure, which was awaiting a preparation for its advent.

Of the labors of the physicians of the past, no real useful discovery has been lost. Every succeeding epoch or dispensation took along with it all the discoveries of the preceding, and in *its* turn advanced the great work of developing a true system of healing. The work accomplished by the "Old School," or Galenian dispensation or epoch, has been

great. The subsidiary sciences — Anatomy, Physiology, Pathology, Surgery, Chemistry, Botany, &c. — have been advanced by the labors of this school to a degree of great perfection. These *we* claim as the rightful inheritance of the Hahnemannian dispensation, or epoch, which differs from the Galenian, in crowning *its* labors with a true therapeutic law, and furnishing a *Materia Medica*, founded on the action of drugs in the healthy body, by which the law may be made available at all times, and under all circumstances.

This aspect of the subject, involving, as it does, the philosophy of the new, or Hahnemannian epoch, and the law of cure, together with an historical consideration of the sciences, opens a field too broad to be explored in the short time permitted us; we must, therefore, pass down to consider the operation of the law on the practical plane.

The true test of a principle lies not so much in what it promises, as in what it does. Is it practical? Does it work well? are the test questions. An affirmative response of a law, in practice, is the only satisfactory answer that can be given. Let us, then, for a moment, glance at the results of the practical application of the homœopathic law of cure, compared with the results pertaining to the theory, and innumerable speculations, of the old, or Galenian dispensation.

We shall leave out of the account, as far as we can, the results of private practice which depend on individual veracity. All our statistics, even those taken from private practice, are well authenticated by disinterested witnesses.

In 1813, an epidemic fever, known as the War Typhus, devastated many districts of Europe. Against this fever, the old, or Allopathic treatment, was wholly unavailing. In Leipzig nearly all who were under the old treatment died; while 183 patients who came under Homœopathic treatment all recovered. This fact created a great interest among the members of the Russian government, then occupying Dresden, but the medical faculty took no notice of it.

A statistical table of results obtained in the treatment

of Cholera, in 21 different Hospitals on the Continent of Europe, under Allopathic treatment, presents a fearful mortality of 63 per cent. During the same epidemic, the statistical tables obtained in 10 different cities on the Continent, present, under Homœopathic treatment, an average mortality of only 11 per cent. — a balance in favor of Homœopathia of 52 per cent. At the close of this epidemic, the Bavarian Government ordered a collection of statistical results of the Homœopathic treatment of Cholera in the Austrian and Bavarian dominions, by which it appeared that the mortality was a fraction less than 7 per cent., while that under the old or Allopathic treatment exceeded 63 per cent.

It has been objected by our opponents, as unfair to place the statistics of private, against Hospital practice. The Homœopathic School never manifested a disposition to institute any unfair comparisons. There is no need of this. The demand has been only a fair field, but no favors. Homœopathia has been under the necessity always of winning her way to notice and esteem by actual success. At the period when the above statistics were made up, no Hospitals for Homœopathic practice were in existence or allowed. It was the remarkable results of the treatment of Cholera in private practice, that called the attention of the Continental Governments to it. Prior to this period, Homœopathia made her way comparatively slow: but this unmistakable triumph over that fearful scourge, before which the disciples of the old school stood appalled, gave to the new system a standing and a fame which promoted its rapid spread. It now begun to be recognized and appreciated by governments; — restrictions were removed, and it won rapidly upon the confidence of the public. In Germany, Russia, France, and other European kingdoms, the system spread, and many distinguished men of the old school investigated its claims and became converts.

At the subsequent appearance of the Cholera, Hospitals had been erected; and, in this respect, the two systems



were on an equal footing. But the results did not vary materially from those during the preceding epidemic. Homœopathia sustained her former triumph, and Allopathia her former defeat. In Vienna, Bohemia, Hungary, Russia, Poland, Italy, and Egypt, the tables show a mortality of 9 per cent., under Homœopathic treatment, and  $51\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. under Allopathic treatment — a balance in favor of Homœopathia of  $42\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. In France, the tables of 1848 and '49 show the mortality, under Homœopathic treatment, to have been a fraction over 9 per cent.; while that under Allopathic treatment, a fraction over 51 per cent. Similar results were obtained in St. Petersburg, and in Austria. In some other places, the result stood thus: under Allopathic treatment two-thirds died; and under Homœopathic, two-thirds were saved.

In the United States, in 1849, statistical tables collected in Cincinnati, New Orleans, St. Louis, and Sandusky City stand thus: average mortality, under Homœopathic treatment, 5 per cent.; while that under Allopathic came up to 47 per cent.

We learn from a recent letter from France, that, by order of the Emperor, a Homœopathic physician was sent to a district in the South of France, to attend upon the poor villagers, who were rapidly dying off with sweating sickness and cholera. The mortality, under his treatment, is reported at 7 per cent.; while the mortality, under the old treatment, run up to the fearful height of 90 per cent.

Such facts as these afford us the most positive evidence that we can have, of the *possession* of a law of cure, on the one hand, and the *absence* of a law, on the other. In the treatment of this terrible scourge, there was no confusion among Homœopathic physicians. They were united, the world over, on the homœopathic law of cure, and this law led them to the choice of the same remedies, viz., *Camphor*, *Veratrum*, and *Copper* as principal, and these were chosen from among those proved by Homœopathic physi-

cians upon themselves, and recorded in the Homœopathic Materia Medica. What better proof can we have of the possession of a general principle, than the fact that physicians, living in remote parts of the world, in the treatment of a certain form of disease, select the same remedies, according to a recognized principle, and apply them with uniform results? And what better proof can we have of the *absence* of a law of cure, than the confusion, and theorizing, and speculating upon the nature of an epidemic, and its mode of treatment, and, withal, the continued disastrous results, all of which characterized the old school treatment of the repeated cholera epidemics that have visited the world within the past twenty-five years?

That we do not judge the old school unjustly, may be evident from the confessions of some of its champions, who, it is presumed, would not depreciate its merits. Dr. Elliotson, of London, who is a recognized authority in the old school, said: "As respects this country, I cannot but think that if all the patients had been left alone, the mortality would have been much as it has been. \* \* I am sorry to say, that, of the cases I had to treat, they nearly all died. I tried two or three sorts of treatment. Some had *opium* and *calomel* in full doses; but they died. With others I used hot air, externally and internally; but they died also. I then tried the saline treatment, with no better results."

Dr. Watson, in his Practice of Physic, which is a text book of the old school, says; "In a great number of the sick, the blood was mechanically diluted by pouring warm water, or salt and water, into their veins. Some physicians put their trust in brandy, some in opium, some in cajeput oil, and some, again, in calomel alone. But if the balance could be fairly struck, and the exact truth ascertained, I question whether we should find that the average mortality from cholera, in this country, was in any way disturbed by our craft."

We get no more encouraging accounts from Professors

Eberle and Dunglison, of our own country. The Editor of the London Lancet said: "At the London Hospitals, a great variety of treatment has been tried, in different cases, but no satisfactory conclusion has been arrived at. *There has been no unanimity among our physicians. By this is meant, that each physician has followed his own plan of treatment.* Nearly all the severe cases have died under every plan of treatment." This is but a moiety of the evidence that we might adduce, from the confessions and declarations of its friends, of the entire nullity of the old school practice in the great epidemics that have devastated cities and countries since the days of Hippocrates. Are we not, then, justified; or are we uncharitable, in saying, that, in the old or Allopathic School, there is no law of cure?

The comparative results of the treatment of Yellow Fever, at the South, in 1853, are no less striking. We have statistics of the mortality in New Orleans, Natchez, Havana and Barbadoes, which present an average mortality, under Allopathic treatment, of 56 per cent.; and under Homœopathic, of 7 per cent. — a balance in favor of the law of cure of 49 per cent.

Statistics gathered by a commission appointed by Government, to inquire into the success of the Homœopathic treatment, in the great Military Hospitals at Vienna and St. Petersburg, and statistics gathered from five other Hospitals, in Hungary and Vienna, show the mortality, under Homœopathic treatment, to have been  $4\frac{3}{4}$  per cent.; while that in the same number of Allopathic Hospitals came up to 13 per cent.

The statistical results of the treatment of *Pneumonitis* (inflammation of the lungs), *Pleuritis* (pleurisy), *Phrenitis* (inflammation of the brain), *Enteritis* (inflammation of the bowels), and Dysentery, gathered by Dr. Routh, an Allopathic physician, at the Vienna Hospitals, stand thus: mortality under Homœopathic treatment,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  per cent.; and under Allopathic,  $17\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. The same authority gives us

statistics of Hospitals in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Vienna, Leipzig, Linz, and other places, exclusive of cholera. Mortality under Allopathic practice, he places at 10 per cent.; and that under Homœopathic, at 4 per cent.

Statistics collected during the fever and dysentery epidemic attending the Irish famine, in 1847, show the following results: Allopathic mortality, in dysentery, 36 per cent.; Homœopathic, 14 per cent. Allopathic mortality in fevers, 13 per cent.; Homœopathic, less than 2 per cent.

At the same time, there was opened another fever Hospital, where no medicine was used—simply cleanliness, ventilation, and good nursing: mortality, 10 per cent. Here, then, we have a comparison of three methods: Ordinary treatment, mortality 13 per cent.; no medicine, mortality 10 per cent.; Homœopathic treatment, mortality less than 2 per cent. Here the old treatment shows itself to be worse than no medical treatment, by 3 per cent.

The New York Protestant Half Asylum has been under Homœopathic auspices, as to its medical management, for the last thirteen years. For the seven previous years, the inmates were under Allopathic management. An inveterate *ophthalmia*, and *skin disease*, broke out among the children, which resisted a long and persevering course of Allopathic treatment. The board of managers were induced to try Homœopathic treatment as a last resort. One or two of the children were submitted, by way of experiment. By a rapid and permanent cure of these, the whole Asylum was put under treatment, by which 243 children were speedily cured of a most distressing malady. The institution, then, passed under Homœopathic treatment, and has since continued. The ratio of deaths, under Allopathic treatment, compared with the Homœopathic, were as *three* to *one*.

We might multiply well-authenticated statistics to an indefinite extent; but time will not permit.

In the face of a most virulent, and, in many instances, a



dishonorable opposition, Homœopathia has spread among the people. It has found its way to every civilized nation of the globe. Ten years ago, where it numbered its adherents by hundreds only, it now numbers them by thousands. Its patrons are among the most enlightened portion of the public; and its professors would vie, in point of intellectual ability, and acquirements, and weight of moral character, with the ablest members of the medical profession, generally.

Twenty-nine years ago, Homœopathia was introduced into this country. Dr. Gram, a native of this city, was the pioneer. After having spent eighteen years abroad, — five years of which he spent, with much honor, under the appointment of the King of Denmark, as Assistant Surgeon in a large Military Hospital, — he returned to this country, and commenced the practice of Homœopathia in the city of New York, in 1826. For a long time, little or nothing was known of it beyond his immediate circle of friends and patrons. At length, from its marked success, it began to be known, and gradually to extend its way; so that, at the end of seventeen years, the Homœopathic ranks, in this country, numbered 600 physicians. Since that period, its progress has been rapid. Thousands of intelligent laymen have embraced, and depend wholly upon it; and the number of physicians, who, at this time, enroll themselves in its ranks, number about 3500. Every year is bringing new accessions from the old medical ranks, and vigorous young men from our medical schools.

We have now two Homœopathic Medical Schools, chartered by Government, in which the science and art of medicine are taught in all their branches. In addition to these, a bill has just passed the Legislature of Michigan, establishing a Homœopathic Professorship in the University of that State. Last year, by a vote of the Trustees of the Mississippi State Hospital, located at Natchez, the medical and surgical departments of that Institution, were put into the

hands of Homœopathic Physicians and Surgeons. This was brought about by the wonderful success of the Homœopathic treatment of Yellow Fever in that region. Thus we see, notwithstanding the violent opposition of a jealous brotherhood, which is brought to bear upon it in various ways, Homœopathia is making her way to State favor and support.

In England and Continental Europe its progress is no less rapid. Three years ago, the 10th of last August, a costly statue of bronze was erected to the memory of the immortal founder of Homœopathia, amid the joyous acclamations of an immense assemblage, and submitted to the keeping of Government, in the place from which, twenty years before, he was driven by the hostility of his opposers. This is one of the indications of a mighty revolution in public sentiment.

Many of the European Sovereigns and Courts have their medical Counsellors from the Homœopathic ranks. These are posts which can be filled only by physicians of acknowledged eminence and skill. About 24 Professors of Medicine, in European Universities, making about 42 in all, after having submitted it to the test of experience, have openly adopted, teach, and defend it by Government sanction and support. Other medical men of eminence, and occupying high and responsible stations, after a practice of many years, have carefully investigated its claims, entered into its practice with great zeal, and urgently call upon their colleagues to follow their example. Every facility is offered for instruction and investigation, in both Hospital and Dispensary practice.

Several European Governments, conservative as they are, in compliance with the public demand, have not only removed all restrictions relating to its practice, but have given grants of the public money for the establishment of Homœopathic Hospitals and Professorships, as means of instruction and propagation. This is as it should be. The

practice of medicine involves so much of human happiness, and human welfare, in the absolute failure of the recognized system, after a continued trial of 1700 years, to meet the pressing necessities of the age, if another system is offered, bearing as its motto, "*the univereal law of cure*," and supported, in its pretensions, by the ample experience of more than a half century, the people not only have a right, but it is their *duty*, everywhere, to claim for it, an impartial and thorough investigation by the State. This can be accomplished, in no way, so well as in public Hospitals, which should be under the immediate inspection of a competent, but unbiassed, government commission. These Hospitals should be placed, side by side, with Allopathic Hospitals, and a most rigid comparison instituted, and the results given to the world. This is what Homœopathia asks, and what the public should demand at the hands of the State. Homœopathia is bold in her demand, because confident in power. She is not that craven, impuissant thing, which haunts the disordered imaginations of enmity and self-conceit, shrouding her pretensions in unmeaning technicalities; but she courts the most rigid inquiry. She stands before the world the simple embodiment of a great truth—not a suppliant for favors; but asking the simple office of *serving* the hitherto outraged necessities of the world.

From these considerations may be seen, how much truth there is in the often-repeated assertion, that "Homœopathia is going down." There never was a time when its prospects looked so bright, and when it possessed so much power over the intelligent public mind, and over the cure of diseases.

The question, no doubt, often arises: if Homœopathia is the true science and art of healing, why does not the profession, generally, receive it? For it is seen, that there are, connected with the medical profession, men of genuine philanthropy, and enlarged intellectual endowments—those who are devoting the labor of their lives to the wel-

fare of their fellow-men — yet such stand aloof from it; — such do not consider it worthy of investigation. The ground of this opposition, is, doubtless, in an inherent indisposition of the human mind to change. So strong is this unwillingness to give up preconceived opinions, that our Lord, in the Gospels, makes it the subject of special reference. “*No man,*” says He, “*having drunk old wine, straightway desireth the new ; for he saith the old is better.*” This general idiosyncrasy of the mind, is exhibited in various ways. The presentation of a new truth, is passed over, by some, with stolid indifference; by others, it is regarded with caution; a few look upon it with favor; but the majority, as the history of the reception of all truths testify, not only with opposition, but, also, with denunciation and malevolent contempt. And the virulence of this opposition, is, generally, in proportion to the magnitude of the truth presented. In illustration of this, we might cite numerous examples. All who are familiar with the history of discoveries in science, know the opposition with which the self-constituted censors of science met the discoveries of planetary motion — the law of gravitation — the prophylactic powers of vaccination — the circulation of the blood, and the announcement of Ambrose Paré, of the feasibility of arresting the flow of blood, by tying the severed arteries, in amputations, instead of plunging the bleeding stump into boiling pitch. If we leave the planes of science and philosophy, and ascend a step beyond, we shall find this opposition in no way abated. The Reformation, so called, though wanting in the characteristics of a new truth, made its way through flames of fire — against the inquisition — over the executioner’s block, and through rivers of blood. And He who declared Himself THE Truth, and verified His Divine character, by a constant exhibition of superhuman power, was scorned and derided, was stoned and buffeted and spit upon, was crowned with thorns, and crucified at last. If such, then, has been the



ordeal through which all truths have passed, in their descent into the human mind, could we, reasonably, expect a ready and kindly reception of the law of cure ?

Such as we have described him, was the founder of Homœopathia : — and such as we have attempted to detail, in the brief period allowed us, are the character of the law which he discovered, its practical workings, and its present condition. In view of these facts, it requires no prophetic gift, to predict the future of medical science. The great art of medicine is now settled on an enduring basis ; — on laws as unchangeable and eternal as are the laws that govern the motion of the planets. It is a *science* and *art* pre-eminently for the people : and Public Opinion — that mighty engine, which is to batter down hierarchies in *science* and *philosophy*, as well as in religion — those hierarchies which assume the right to command the understanding and control the conscience — is awakening to a knowledge, and just appreciation of the present condition of the medical world. The bright and glorious sun of truth is gilding the mountain tops ; and an army, invincible, has already taken up its conquering march : and nothing but supineness, or internal dissensions, can retard its progress, and the accomplishment of its purpose. Brethren of the Homœopathic School, let us look well to this. Let not indolence, nor jealousies, nor heart-burnings, nor love of self-exaltation, turn us, in our labors, from working out faithfully and justly the great purpose of our lives. We have assumed a mighty responsibility. A great work lies before us : — a work involving, in the highest degree, the happiness and well-being of the world. Hahnemann commenced this work. He discovered the law of cure, which is limited only by the limitation of disease ; and which may be applied, in the treatment of the sick, with mathematical precision. He, also, pointed out the way of making this law universally

available; and his labors, in developing the means, were greater than those of any other man. For this, we should award to his memory the meed of grateful hearts. We should appreciate the exalted position to which he attained, among the great Benefactors of the world; but, in doing this, we should not lose sight of the great men who labored before him. He never could have attained his eminence, had they not prepared the way. These great men were the true and honest workers in the discovery and cultivation of the subsidiary sciences. We should honor them, as we honor him for his genius—for his industry that never wearied, and for his philanthropy which knew no bounds. We should honor them, as we honor him as the chosen instrument of God—as fellow servants in the great work of human progress, and the advancement of human welfare. We can cultivate the same spirit of love for the human race—the same earnestness of purpose, and unyielding perseverance. Than this, we cannot do better, or more, to alleviate the sufferings of our race.

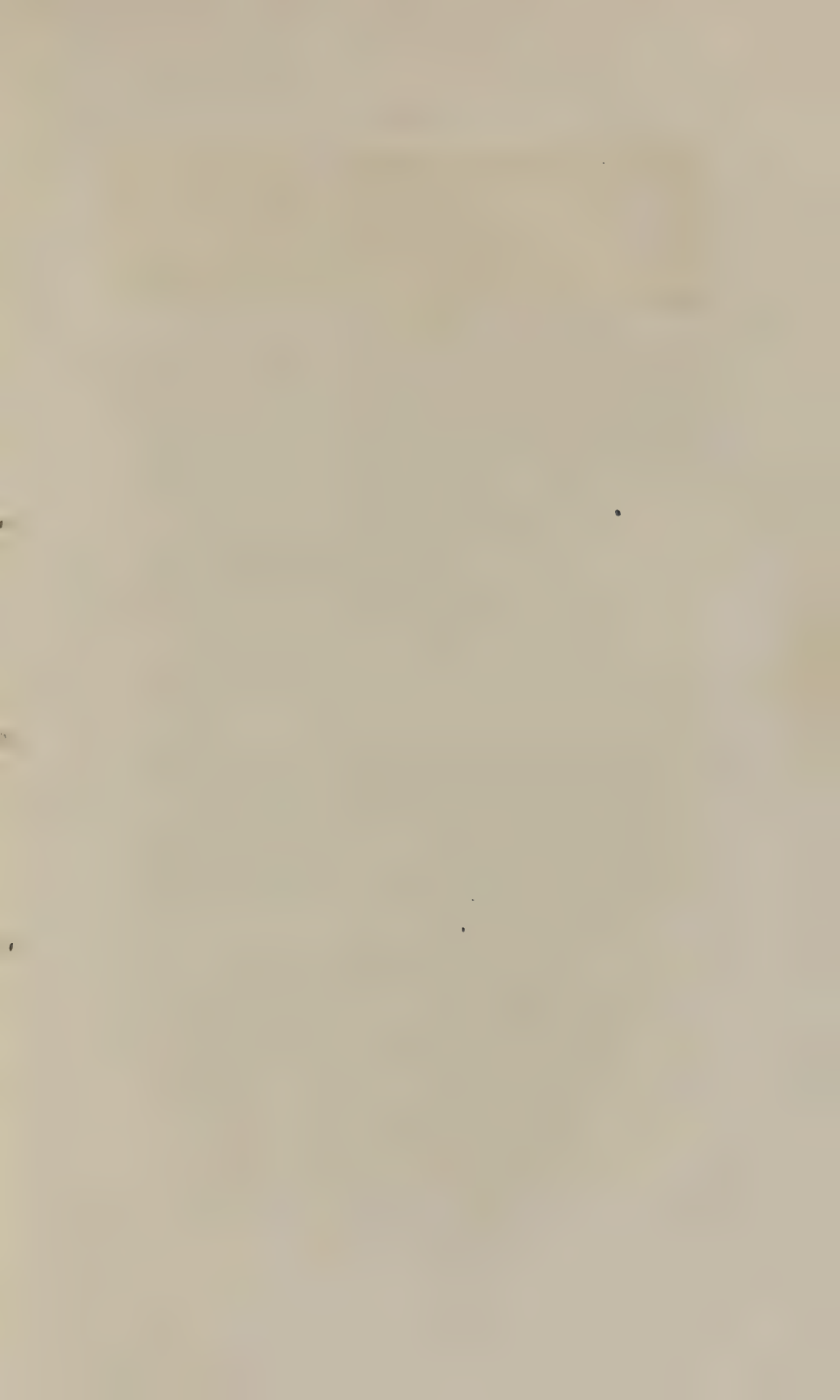
This great work, in which Hahnemann accomplished so much, he did not, he could not perfect. Much has been done, since his decease, by the earnest disciples of the new faith; and much is now doing; and much, very much, is yet to be done. The law is perfect, but it cannot work without means. The Homœopathic Materia Medica is the only instrument, by which this law can accomplish its Heaven-born mission, to the millions who are chained to the rack, by the remorseless hand of disease. This is in an imperfect state, both as to its extent and arrangement; and the perfecting this is the great business before us. This can be accomplished, only, by submitting ourselves to the sickening influence of drugs. He who is unwilling to do this, is unworthy the name of *Physician*,—is not worthy to bear the name of our Great Exemplar, whose mission to earth was to "*heal all manner of sickness, and all*

*manner of disease."* Let us hope that we have none such among us. He who has not, already, commenced the proving of drugs upon himself, should not permit another revolution of the earth to be made before entering upon the work. It is a sacred duty — an act of genuine philanthropy; yea, an act of Christian Charity, which no one, who assumes the responsible office of Physician, can neglect, and perform his duties faithfully and well. It will enable him, better to understand the true character of his remedies, and to apply them with greater precision. Should not this be a sufficient stimulus for a little more toil and suffering? Would it not be a sufficient reward, for a little more painstaking, to be instrumental in restoring the sunshine of joy to that afflicted family, who are watching, with anxious hearts and tearful eyes, the sufferings of one, around whom are entwined the tenderest emotions of parental and fraternal love? On our shoulders rests the responsibility of applying the remedy, by that law which has been given us, by the merciful dispensations of Divine Providence, to restore that stricken one; or, if this cannot be, to soothe his passage through the dark valley that leads to his future home. The means are placed within our reach, and the way pointed out; and the consequences will rest upon us, after having assumed the responsibility, if we, through indolence or indifference, betray the trust reposed in our faithfulness.

Under the benign and transforming influence of the Sun of the New Dispensation, which is spreading light, and diffusing genial beams, over the dark, cold, and sterile regions of a speculative philosophy — dispelling the mist of prejudice, and warming into life a waning charity, let us look forward, with confidence and hope, and do what in us lies, to hasten on "the good time coming," — perchance it may be in the far-off future, — when the jarring and

discordant elements, that now distract the medical world, the consequences of which fall so heavily upon the sick, will be hushed to repose; and all who assume the great and responsible trust, of ministering to the diseased and suffering of mankind, shall be encircled by the *golden gir-dle* of RECONCILIATION and PEACE.





BOSTON, April 26th, 1855.

DEAR SIR :

At a meeting of the MASS. HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICAL SOCIETY, held on the 24th inst., it was Voted, "That the thanks of the Society be tendered to you for the very interesting and excellent Poem delivered at the Tremont Temple, the 10th inst., on the occasion of the celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the Birth-Day of the celebrated Dr. Samuel Hahnemann;" and a copy of the same is earnestly requested for publication.

Respectfully Yours, &c.,

O. S. SANDERS, M. D., }  
C. F. GEIST, M. D., } Committee.  
J. C. NEILSON, M. D., }

To H. C. PRESTON, M. D., Providence, R. I.

PROVIDENCE, May 2d, 1855.

GENTLEMEN :

Your note of the 26th ult. was duly received, and should have been answered sooner — but that I hesitated about complying with your request. The complimentary vote of thanks, &c., is gratefully acknowledged, assuring me, as it does, that my efforts were not altogether lost.

I feel, Gentlemen, that the Poem is hardly worth publishing, and may subject me to some considerable criticism. It was prepared during the three weeks previous to its delivery, amid a host of engrossing duties and cares. \* \* \* \* \*

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,

Very Respectfully Yours,

H. C. PRESTON.

To Drs. O. S. SANDERS, C. F. GEIST, J. C. NEILSON, Committee.

## P O E M .

---

Far distant in the classic regions of the East,  
Beyond where stormy Boreas kept perpetual feast,  
Was born the son of powerful Jove, Apollo crowned,  
The God of Music, and of Medicine renowned !  
The God of Poesy, whose ever-tuneful Lyre  
Filled Earth with wild enchantment and poetic fire !  
Whose inspiration flowing in successive line,  
He ever promised to the healing-Art divine !  
That boon now claims the humblest of his lineal sons,  
The Muse, who o'er this harp his trembling fingers runs,  
Who slumb'ring long in scenes where sickness and distress  
Develope all Earth's misery and its loveliness,  
At your command resumes the long unpractised Lyre,  
To hail the advent of Therapeia's honored sire !  
To tell the vastness of the scheme he brought to birth,  
And crown him as the Benefactor of the Earth !

And ye, who, like the Eastern Magi, joyful come,  
Led by the one pure star that points us to his home,  
With spice and incense gath'ring round his infant bower,  
To welcome and to bless our Master's natal hour !  
Ye, who would bid the Muse embody all your praise,  
And join in one entrancing song your votive lays,  
Plucking a laurel crown from green Parnassus' height,  
To wreath around his rev'rend brow of radiant light,  
Or from the sacred depths of pure Pierian spring,  
That ever-living draught which makes immortal, bring !  
List ! while with trembling wings unfurl'd the muse would soar  
Beyond Parnassus' mystic heights, or classic lore,  
And mounting upward emulate the advent strain,  
Now chanted in celestial chorus once again,  
Bidding " good will to man," and joy that ne'er shall cease,

Since Man and Nature join in one harmonious peace!  
 And meet the theme! for now an hundred times the Sun,  
 Around the radiant belt his circling course has run,  
 Since first Therapeia's glorious morning dawn began,  
 And hosts of waiting spirits welcom'd Hahnemann!

A hundred years! how like a fitting vapor past!  
 Yet o'er long ages what a halo it has cast!  
 How like a meteor-flash its story strikes the eye!  
 How sinks into the brain, like lightnings in the sky!  
 A hundred years! yet in that little niche of Time,  
 One simple, healing system spreads through every clime!  
 Humanity, through all her complex structure shakes,  
 As the redeeming Truth, like sunlight, on her breaks!  
 As when the gazing trav'ler some high mountain nears,  
 Its vastness grows until its top in heav'n appears;  
 So Truth, which blesses and enobles man below,  
 Swells and expands the nearer to its base we go!  
 So one unfailing law, discovered at the base,  
 Makes human Science swell through all material space,  
 And Nature's pure remedial Art, benignly kind,  
 Spreads high and wide o'er all the universe of mind!

A hundred years ago, this very day, was born  
 The gifted mind that came to bless a race forlorn;  
 That first to Nature's broad foundation boldly went,  
 And grasped its one, great, healing-Law omnipotent:  
 Then led the way to Life's fair Tree, whose branches bear  
 "Leaves for the healing of the Nations,"—fresh and fair!  
 He came like the Rainbow!—bright harbinger of peace,  
 Sure promise that the deluge of suff'ring should cease!  
 He went like the Rainbow!—fated never to die,  
 His form only, faded and passed into the sky!

Now while we gazing stand, and supplicating call,  
 "My Father;" let on us thy healing mantle fall!  
 As when of yore the prophet saw with strong desire  
 The old Elijah mounting on a car of fire;  
 And bending low received his Master's falling shroud,  
 "A double portion of his spirit" from the cloud!  
 And while o'er earth the living spirit of the Lyre,  
 Is clothing all his deeds with eloquence of fire,  
 And warbling symphonies, with joyous, festal lay,  
 Throughout all lands proclaim his natal day!



'Twere meet th' historic muse should climb the toilsome way,  
 Which led from winter darkness up to vernal day ;  
 And standing on the last-surmounted peak of Truth,  
 Look back upon the path which Science trod in youth ;  
 Mark out the hill-tops gilded with the streaks of light,  
 The first bright, healing beams which dawned upon the night ;  
 The first glimmerings of kind Nature's genial ray,  
 In pity shed to chase disease and pain away !

As erst the Earth from darkness and from void arose,  
 Evolving from crude chaos, and from deep repose ;  
 So all the Arts which bless and comfort social Man,  
 In simple, yet imperfect principles began ;  
 From crude, chaotic germs, they op'ed in Reason's ray,  
 As flowers unfold their petals to the blaze of day !  
 So from crude facts arose the healing-Art divine,  
 In doctrine and in practice simple and benign.  
 It drew from Nature, Nature's pure remedial power,  
 And found its healing balm in ev'ry tree and flower.  
 The Patriarch prescribed whate'er his children took,  
 Or Priests unfolded hidden leaves from Nature's book.  
 To ripe old age men lived in peace and tranquil joy,  
 Their human elements unmixed with drug alloy.  
 Their simple food and habits kept perpetual health,  
 And pain and sickness only came to them by stealth.  
 Strange, that the simple means of that primæval age,  
 Should first have been restored by Cœthen's modern sage !  
 Strange, that the blended light of Art's old age and youth,  
 Should so assimilate in harmony and truth !  
 As early evening's loveliest star resembles most  
 The brightest orb that sparkles in the morning's host !  
 Or as in purity and innocent repose,  
 Life's young and ruddy morn is like its evening's close !

So calm and so serene arose the morning dawn  
 Of Science' healing ray, from simple Nature drawn,  
 The Muse would gladly linger, basking in its beam,  
 Or on swift pinion fly adown the rapid stream,  
 To where the scorching, noon-day Sun has sunk to rest,  
 And evening's purer twilight gathers 'round the blest !

Not so the Master ;— who hath taught us how to gain  
 The steep ascent of Truth only through care and pain.  
 Though toilsome be the path, the chasms though profound,

Each must be trod if we would reach the higher ground.  
 No system of the healing-Art e'er held the sway,  
 And like the trackless wind forever passed away ;  
 Philosophy, where'er she's bent her course sublime,  
 Has left her foot-prints on the adamant of Time !  
 Fact built on fact has slowly formed the solid base,  
 From which fair Science sought still loftier heights to trace ;  
 Still ever slowly rearing high her honor'd head,  
 While thrones and kingdoms all have crumbled with the dead !

In distant ages, far beyond historic ken,  
 The pure and simple "Art of Healing" lived with men.  
 When they withdrew from Nature, she withdrew from them,  
 And under mystic rites concealed her diadem.  
 The Priests became the chemists, and the "healers" too ;  
 With grotesque symbols, and with incantations new,  
 They hir'd, or fright'ned, or implored disease to leave,  
 While they the pockets of their ignorant patients thieve.  
 As still, in later times, among the savage tribes,  
 The Powwows, moved by pity, or by gen'rous bribes,  
 Drest like revolting monsters, dance around the bed,  
 And shout and howl their prayers above the sick man's head.  
 If the Great Spirit hears, the patient soon is healed,  
 If not, some happier heav'n is soon to him revealed !

Thus dark the clouds which cover Superstition's night ;  
 And long the ages, ere the dawn of Reason's light ;  
 Till beaming on th' Ionian isles Pythagoras came,  
 To light up Grecia with his philosophic flame.  
 The four great elements "*his golden verses*" sung ;  
 On *Earth, Air, Fire, and Water* all things vital hung,  
 Until the great Hippocrates, from Coos' isle,  
 Dissolved all elements in *mucus, blood, and bile* :  
 The "*crudum et intemperatum*" only sought,  
 And always the "*materia peccans*" boldly fought.  
 Child as he was in Reason's and in Logic's rules,  
 His clear perceptions stand a model for all schools !  
*Corpuscular Philosophy* next held the sway,  
 And Epicurus, with his *atoms* rul'd the day ;  
 Until *Solidism* by strange cohesion fixed 'em,  
 In the *triune strictum, laxum, and the mixtum*.  
 But soon e'en *solids* were dissolved in fleeting air,  
 And vanished in great Plato's heav'nly *Pneuma* there ;  
 So subtle, immaterial a principle,

That it was only seen where it was vincible.  
 Built on these two extremes, *Eclecticism* arose ;  
 How high she pierced the clouds her tow'ring head still shows !  
 Immortal Galen on her front carved out his name,  
 And all succeeding ages read his deathless fame.  
 Combining all the lore of systems gone before,  
 And with a goodly store of facts unknown of yore,  
 He built *Pathology* upon a base so sure,  
 That fifteen centuries saw it standing still secure !  
 He gave its technic language to the healing-Art,  
 And stamped his own great impress on its every part !  
 An envious sect burnt up his books in solemn state ;  
 But worlds of fire can ne'er prevent his deathless fate !

When thirsty trav'lers on the scorching, sandy plain,  
 The green Oasis find amid the desert's main,  
 They from its cool, refreshing fount reluctant go,  
 Still fondly ling'ring where its cooling waters flow,  
 Still looking back while forced their weary way to wend,  
 With new life and hope they hasten to their journey's end !  
 So passing through the long and arid waste of Time,  
 We ling'ring leave the spot by Galen made sublime ;  
 Yet onward urged, we plod the weary, darksome way,  
 To where *Anatomy* first shed its kindling ray :  
 Then climb the philosophic *Paracelsian* mount,  
 To view *Bombastus* with his alchymistic fount,  
 Where "Archeus" with *mercury, salt, and sulphur* rife,  
 Compounds his mysterious "*Elixir of Life* ;"  
 That far-fam'd potion by credulous thousands sought,  
 Until th' imposters' early death its value taught.  
 Vain, pompous, empty, *Paracelsus'* system stands,  
 And but for one specific, in oblivion lands !

Now hast'ning on with eager steps we reach the plain,  
 Where bold *Empiricism* has built her vast domain.  
 Like some great city studded o'er with domes and spires,  
 We see her gleaming in the light of heav'nly fires ;  
 Her numerous turrets tinged with noon-day beams arise,  
 And Science rears her temples tow'ring to the skies !  
 Pathology, in adamantine columns long,  
 Forms her foundation and her pavement deep and strong :  
 Art builds her palaces, her schools and classic domes,  
 Adorns her costly walls, and beautifies her homes ;  
*Chemistry* kindles up her dross-consuming fires,

And on her altars lights a flame which ne'er expires ;  
*Philosophy*, like gentle zephyrs, fills her trees,  
 Reviving all their leaves with its soft, vernal breeze ;  
 Discoveries, like rolling waves, around her beat,  
 From Nature's depths upheaving treasures at her feet ;  
 Immortal names are carved on all her statues tall,  
 But Sydenham's figure crowns her loftiest pedestal !  
 'Twas his great genius, ever searching Nature's laws,  
 With nice exactness tracing symptoms to their cause,  
 That marked him Anti-type of one, in human lore,  
 Who, coming after, was " to be preferr'd before !"  
 'T was his prophetic vision saw, and bless'd this day,  
 And long'd to bask in its *specific* healing ray !

What he foresaw on Fact's materialistic shore,  
 We hasten now to gain through Pysche's open door,  
 And mounting up her cloud-capp'd hill ethereal,  
 We breathe the *Pneuma* of the visionary Stahl :  
 There, soul alone combats death's devastating damps,  
 And yields or conquers by its *antony* or *cramps*.  
 Soon e'en the soul is lost in *Excitation*,  
 And the *Pneuma* is condensed to *Irritation*.  
 Then into view spring up those wondrous things *the nerves*,  
 Which like the forked Lightning make fantastic curves,  
 Mapping all nature with their streams of varied course,  
 Bearing the *vital spirits* to their central source.  
 In the dim distance seen, two rival domes arise,  
 And lift their tow'ring heads in grandeur to the skies !  
 The one ; — great Cullen's classic storehouse, wide and free ;  
 The other ; — Brown's convivial fane of *Stimuli* ;  
 Where with *sthenic* whiskey, he *asthenia* plied,  
 And the *vis medicatrix naturæ* denied !

Now with enraptur'd vision, and on buoyant wing,  
 The Muse has soared to where perennial fountains spring,  
 And standing on the present cent'ry's threshold fair,  
 Looks forth upon its vast expanse, its beauties rare ;  
 Surveys the citadel where Art and Science meet,  
 And Truth, at last, redeem'd humanity shall greet !  
 Oh ! vast the structures by regen'rate Science built !  
 And bright her lofty tow'rs, by Knowledge's sunbeam gilt !  
 Her streets all pav'd by pure Experience's golden ore,  
 Her strong foundation — Time's accumulated lore !  
 Her temples throng with mighty spirits, young and old,



Each bringing to her altars priceless gifts untold.  
 There Volta and Galvani build the magic pile,  
 With Nature's fluid making e'en dead Nature smile ;  
 Shaking Pathology from its organic base,  
 In *nervous currents* for awhile to run its race ;  
 Subliming Philosophy in *ether* so rare,  
 That Schelling to find it, had to vanish in air !  
 There Paracelsian *Parasites* appear again,  
 And ever novel wonders crowd the vast domain ;  
 There the powerful *Microscope* unfolds its light,  
 And *infusorial* worlds burst on the wond'ring sight ;  
 There Chemists penetrate the *arcana* of Life,  
 And *cell-germs* provoke the *vis-vitalis* to strife ;  
 There Laennec brings his *Stethoscope*, that wond'rous ear,  
 To which remotest depths of hidden sound are clear ;  
 There th' Anatomist bends him o'er the silent dead,  
 Exploring those mysterious paths all life must tread ;  
 There Earth, Air, Fire, and Water yield to man's command,  
 And e'en the Lightning writes by his directing hand !  
 Throughout her whole extent, all Nature seems in throes,  
 Struggling by Reason's light her secret to disclose ;  
 And pointing ever upward to her healing wand,  
 Her magic *Caduceus* held in Hahnemann's hand !

As 'fore the troubled hosts on Egypt's barren plains,  
 By serpents' venom filled with agonizing pains,  
 Their meek, mute Leader lifted up the brazen coil,  
 And pointed to *Homoion*,—suff'ring's only foil !  
 So to Earth's countless hosts, all writhing with disease,  
 Our Master lifted up the promise of release !  
 On Truth's high tower he raised kind Nature's healing wand,  
 And bid the suff'ring thither look from every land !  
 While written in light o'er all earth's *almucantur*,  
 Stands "*similia similibus curantur*."

Thus stood the Master on the mount of Truth !  
 And this the scene which he survey'd in youth.  
 Thus looking back o'er all the ages past,  
 He mark'd the structures which thro' time shall last ;  
 Yet on the path by Art and Science trod,  
 He view'd the myriad mounds of grassy sod ;  
 With pity saw vast temples rear'd on high,  
 Built o'er the bones of wrong'd humanity ;  
 He read th' inscription on great Nature's urn,

"Dust thou art, and to dust thou must return ;"  
 Yet griev'd to see the young, in beauty's prime,  
 With ripening manhood slain before its time ;  
 To see fair Science wind a Conqueror's wreath,  
 Only to place it on the brow of Death !  
 Oh ! sad the picture that before him laid !  
 The angel Therapeia changed to a jade !  
 A hideous, hoary-headed Hydra grown,  
 Whom genial Nature never deign'd to own ;  
 Who following in Science's beaten track,  
 Is ever tort'ring victims on her rack ;  
 Who makes the unborn babe to feel her might,  
 Long ere its vision opens to the light,  
 And ere it fairly dons this mortal coil,  
 She forces down a dose of *Castor Oil* ;  
 Despite its struggling screams she holds its nose,  
 And pours adown its throat the nauseous dose :  
 Wak'd then to suff'ring, which it can't help heed,  
 Down goes *Paragoric* or th' *Anise-seed*.  
 If still the fever makes the poor child cry,  
 The Hydra gives it *Spiritus Nitri* ;  
 With hot "herb-teas" she makes its stomach sweet,  
 And plasters "drafts" upon its tender feet.  
 If nature yields not, but one thing remains,  
 Give *Calomel*, from one to twenty grains !  
 Mercury, the sheet anchor of her fame,  
 She calls *Hydra-rgyrum*, after her name !

Thus helpless, tender childhood does she nurse,  
 And in Life's fountain plant her with'ring curse.  
 Thus she begins her ever *active* course,  
 With years increasing only in its force.  
 The robust youth she bleeds to *syncope*,  
 And drains the life-blood of humanity :  
 Endless *catharsis* is her only hope,  
*Counter-irritation* her utmost scope ;  
*Ether* and *Opium* are her only balm,  
 To soothe the stings of pain and bring sweet calm.  
 With ever-loathsome, ever-vile compounds,  
 Her blandest pharmacopeia abounds ;  
 Whate'er disease's cause, where'er its seat,  
 The same eternal round of drugs we meet ;  
 The same old tortures, with perhaps new names,  
 The same old fires, only with hotter flames.

Time would fail to tell the Hydra's prances,  
 With vile drugs and sanguinary lances,  
 With murd'rous *moxas*, *setons* and *blisters*,  
 With *fuming acids*, *drastics* and *clysters*,  
 With burning *caustics* eating to the bone,  
 And *plasters*, such as made a Herc'les groan,  
 The *Diaphoretics* and *Emetics*,  
 Th' *Anthelmintics* and the *Diuretics*,  
 With the myriad cruel tortures more  
 By which she's crimsoned earth with human gore :  
 The path of Science, all darken'd with blood,  
 Shows where the feet of the Hydra have stood !  
 Shows 'mid the progress of Learning and Art,  
 No change in her cruel and torturing smart !  
 Like her prototype, the monster of yore,  
 Where'er one head 's cut off, up spring two more.  
 E'en her votaries shudder'd at her force,  
 Yet follow'd her *secundem artem* course ;  
 And blindly still to Hydra they clung on,  
 Like the fond mother to her idiot son.

So flourish'd Disease, by Demons supplied,  
 Deep shooting its roots, its boughs spreading wide ;  
 Like the dread Upas, deadl'est of trees,  
 With venomous breath polluting the breeze !  
 Whose fatal branches luxuriantly spread,  
 And ever their with'ring influence shed ;  
 While pale ghosts of victims wander around,  
 And mould'ring skeletons whiten the ground !

Thus stood Hahnemann ; — and this gloomy scene surveyed :  
 Then upward look'd to where celestial breezes played !  
 From Truth's high mountain top the mists of night had gone,  
 And bright and clear the heavenly orb upon it shone !  
 No lightnings flashed, no thunders from the blazing cloud,  
 Proclaimed great Nature's law in terrors long and loud ;  
 But peaceful as the calm when winds are lulled to rest,  
 And soft as infant slumbers on the mother's breast,  
 The still, small voice of Truth broke on his ravished ear,  
 And breathed "*Homoion*," — Nature's healing-secret dear !

As stood the Prophet, 'fore whom on the mountain vast,  
 The wind, the earthquake, and the fire successive pass'd ;  
 Yet God came not in terror there, — but softly stole  
 In still, small breathings o'er his prostrate, yearning soul ! —

So stood our Master, — while the Hydra's whirlwind blast,  
 Her human earthquakes, and her fire before him past,  
 Till Nature softly breathed her secret to his soul,  
 And with pure healing beams lit up the darken'd scroll !  
 Then came he forth to bless the world with healing light,  
 And clear away the gloomy shades of sorrow's night !  
 To suff'ring earth he gave his Heav'n-descended plan,  
 And showed the one sole therapeutic Law to man !

Then hideous Hydra hung her *Hippocratic* head,  
 And vanished quickly 'mid the caverns of the dead ;  
 Proud Science now no longer recognized her power,  
 But sought the healing angel from yon heavenly bower !

Then, on a seraph's wing descending from the skies,  
 Borne downward on the breath of human agonies,  
 The Angel Therapeia, in snow-white garments came,  
 And quickened into life Hygeia's fitful flame !  
 Led by the Master, she went forth through suff'ring lands,  
 Bearing the " Olive-branch of Peace " in stainless hands :  
 Gath'ring up the cures, the pearls of ages past,  
 T' enrich the diadem which shall forever last ;  
 Waving aloft, where'er she went, with loud acclaim,  
 Her magic wand, — *One fire puts out another's flame !*  
 She looks upon the spotless babe, and leaves her smile  
 To play forever there, unchanged by poisons vile ;  
 She hovers round the mother in her darkest hour,  
 As gently as an Angel, yet as strong in power ;  
 She guards the blooming roses on bright beauty's cheek,  
 From Grief's undying worm, from sickness wan and weak ;  
 She kneels beside the fallen soldier on the field,  
 And comforts and protects him with her powerful shield ;  
 Old age upon her leans, and downward gently glides,  
 'Till Life's short stream is merged in boundless ocean tides ;  
 With gentle hand she ministers to " mind diseased,"  
 And lights the smile of triumph o'er the soul appeased ;  
 She, earthward sorrow straightens up with heavenward joy,  
 And checks th' uplifted hand that would its life destroy ;  
 Through all the varied path by suff'ring mortals trod,  
 She ever brings the healing power that wells from God,  
 So softly severe, so spiritually strong,  
 That unseen fingers seem to guide its way along !  
 All Earth her storehouse of remedial treasures vast,  
 From Nature's " veins of strength " upshooting pure and fast :  
 Her " flints and chalks " from low sub-basic depths she brings,



To mend the crumbling walls of Life's deep fountain springs ;  
 With plants and flowers which ornament the earthy crust,  
 She soothes the pains which rise in stems of mortal dust ;  
 E'en the venomous serpents in her hands become  
 " Circles of goodness," engirdling the soul's vast dome ;  
 For her, the skies send down their life-reviving rains,  
 And Lightnings' flash electric balm for human pains ;  
 All Nature ceaseless swarms with pure remedial stores,  
 Which she from ever pitying hands benignant pours !

Here rests the Muse ! — the eagle in his utmost flight  
 Can never reach yon distant, dazzling orb of light,  
 Though upward soaring far beyond a mortal's eye,  
 His rocky nest he builds but just beneath the sky !  
 So soars the Muse, borne upward on the grateful breath  
 Of millions rescued from the stings of pain and death,  
 'Till forced to stop where Time's millennial height is trod  
 And mortals reach the spot that's but a step to God !  
 But mind that never dies ne'er stops its endless flight  
 Until its vision rests in all-pervading Light !  
 So he whose Heav'n-born Genius comes to bless mankind,  
 And stamp ennobling truths upon the human mind,  
 Leaves there his monument, a never-dying spark,  
 Which bright and brighter glows when suns and stars grow dark !  
 Wakes the first warblings of deep thought's immortal song,  
 Whose swelling notes eternal ages shall prolong ;  
 While from the crest of every heaving wave of souls  
 That o'er Death's dark and narrow gulf successive rolls,  
 The joyous anthems of the grateful upward rise,  
 And heavenly winds forever waft them thro' the skies !

Our Master's glorious advent day is well nigh o'er ! —  
 His praise shall die in echo on th' eternal shore !  
 His natal day dawned on a doomed and suffering world ;  
 This closes with the heavenly Flag of Hope unfurled ;  
 On every breeze it floats through earth's remotest clime,  
 And Science claims it as the noblest work of Time !

A single stream can never fill the Ocean's bed !  
 A single voice ne'er tell the glory round his head !  
 The living monuments of his immortal fame,  
 Shall far outlast the solid rock that bears his name !  
 In everlasting ruby-vaults he sits enshrined,  
 Earth's noblest Genius ! — Benefactor of Mankind !

At the conclusion of the interesting exercises at Tremont Temple, the physicians and invited guests, to the number of about eight hundred ladies and gentlemen, assembled in Faneuil Hall to partake of a bountiful banquet.

The meeting was called to order by L. MACFARLAND, M. D., and the following gentlemen chosen to preside:

*President*—His Honor SIMON BROWN, Lieut. Governor of Massachusetts.

*Vice Presidents*—Hon. JOHN H. WILKINS, CHARLES B. HALL, Esq., A. W. THAXTER, Jr., Esq., JACOB SLEEPER, Esq., JOHN P. JEWETT, Esq., of Boston; Hon. FRANCIS B. FAY, Rev. CHAS. H. LEONARD, of Chelsea; Hon. STEPHEN M. WELD, West Roxbury; WM. S. KING, Esq., of Roxbury; THATCHER MAGOON, Esq., of Medford.

*Secretaries*—Drs. NEILSON, of Charlestown, JACKSON, of Roxbury, and CHASE, of Cambridgeport.

This occasion was greatly enjoyed by all present. Several interesting speeches were made, and sentiments given, which called out hearty responses from many distinguished gentlemen.

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